

THE NEWS-HERALD.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

HILLSBORO, HIGHLAND CO., O., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1886.

VOL. 60—NO. 13

Professional Cards.

Cards inserted under this head as follows:
1 inch, per year.
1/2 inch, per year.
The cost of this type make 1 inch.

DENTISTS.
J. M. BOWEN, D.D.S.,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—In McKibbin block, S. High street.

Physician and Surgeon.
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Main street, over Dr. W. H. Greig's store.
Residence, South street, first door west of O'Connell's.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Rooms 1 and 2 Smith Block, corner Main and High streets. A Notary Public in Office.

DENTIST.
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Hillman block, formerly Herald office.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Corner of Main and High streets, McKibbin's National Bank Building.

GEORGE B. GARDNER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Over Peibel's Clothing Store.

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DENTIST.
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Over Peibel's Clothing Store, Main street, first door to the right, up stairs.

A. HARMAN.
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HILLSBORO, O.
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DENTIST.
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Physicians and Surgeons.
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Office—No. 28 West Main street, above McKibbin's Tobacco Factory.

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HILLSBORO, O.
Office—In Strawn Building, over Peibel's Clothing Store.

D. E. J. SPENCER.
Will now give his entire time to the practice of his profession. He has had extensive experience, and will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office—In McKibbin's New Block, up stairs, High street. Residence, No. 21 North High street, 2 doors north of Clifton House, formerly occupied by Hugh Swearingen, Hillsboro, Ohio. July 1st.

ALLEN E. BOATMAN.
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Strawn Building, Rooms Nos. 1 and 10.

H. A. FAHEY.
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HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Smith Block, S. W. Cor. Main and High Streets.

W. S. PATTERSON, M.D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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Office—Over Quinn Brothers' drug store, opposite Clifton House, up stairs, High street. Special attention given to diseases of Women and Children.

C. M. O'NEAL.
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Citizens' National Bank.
Of Hillsboro, O.
Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$50,000.

First National Bank.
HILLSBORO, O.
Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$50,000.

Doth a General Banking and Exchange Business.
Business, Government and County Bonds bought and sold.

INSURE IN
The PHOENIX, of Hartford, Conn.
CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.00.
SURPLUS, \$250,000.00.

Fire, Tornado and Farm Insurance.
FRANK S. GREEN, Agent.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.
The Board of School Examiners of Highland county give notice, that examinations of Applicants for Certificates will take place in the Hillsboro Union School building on the first Monday of every month, and on the third day of February, March, April, August, September and October. The examination fee is \$1.00 in advance. By order of the Board, J. E. SMITH, Clerk.

KNIGHT OF THE GRIP.

In a City Where Two Kinds of Matches are Made.

How One Variety is Manufactured, and a Few Facts about the Other.

Burning of the Oak Hill Match-Box for the Boarding House—A Store—Type Bill of Fare.

There is, probably, no other place of the same size in the State in which is produced a greater variety of manufactured articles than in the city of Akron.

Here, is made nearly everything from a three-wheel machine down to a match, although I am told the kind supposed to have less combustible material in its composition is also made in this industrial metropolis. As an example of the latter variety, the reader will remember that Edison here played an important role in the matrimonial comedrama not many moons ago, when he took unto himself the daughter of one of Akron's leading business men.

Mr. Miller, Edison's father-in-law, is a member of the firm of Aultman, Miller & Co., and a confirmed orthodox member of the Methodist Church. It was, perhaps, on account of his religious views that he so bitterly objected to giving his daughter in marriage to a man who hasn't the same degree of reverence for spiritual things that some have and who is addicted to the use of language which, if published in a Sunday school paper, would tend to injure its sale.

However, Miss Miller insisted that Mr. Edison was such an electrical man, and even if he did shoot her occasionally, his magnetism was irresistible and she proposed to complete the current, be true to her magnet, while the battery of life generated that electrifying spark, love, and only when the angel, Death, opened the key, would the current be broken. Well, that settled the question. It always does when a woman says it under similar circumstances, and the opposing party would as well give up the battle as lost.

This is a question that every woman reserves, or should reserve the exclusive right to herself to settle. I am glad that women are made of such independent stuff. It is said that a woman is governed by emotion rather than reason. To some extent I think this is true; but a woman will reach a conclusion about a certain thing at once where a "lord of creation" will parley and reason about the same thing for a week before arriving at anything like a definite conclusion and then he will be incorrect twice where the woman's jumped-at conclusion will be wrong once.

I did not intend, however, to write upon the relative psychological merits of man and woman so will desist.

An example of the former variety of matches may be obtained in the ordinary parlor match, so universally in use and manufactured by the Barber Match Co. This company, practically, controls the match trade of the country. There are several houses in the United States of which the Akron is one of the leading. Their buildings cover several acres of land and are all built with special reference to light, ventilation, neatness and convenience. The offices are perfect little palaces and the occupants thereof are all accommodating gentlemen. They are always pleased to have visitors, although there are strict rules prohibiting them from entering certain parts of the works on account of the danger thereby incurred. Only a chosen few are admitted to all the departments and of these newspaper men usually form a part. Did you know that members of the press receive more attention and their influence and favor is more eagerly sought for than most any other class of people? Well, it's a fact. Just go to a town and tell the people you are representing some reliable newspaper and propose to write up the place and if you are not the most popular man in the place, my observation is unreliable. More especially will you be popular among men who have business interests at stake in the place. Every man in town will invite you to take dinner, smoke, walk, or drink with him. But, of course, newspaper men always positively decline the latter and it is with great reluctance and temerity that can be induced to accept the former invitations. In thus seeking the influence of the press, the people show that they recognize the power for weal or for woe, a good newspaper exerts in a community. Go any place you will, pick up a local newspaper, glance over the advertisements and you will find, with scarcely an exception, that the biggest "ad" belongs to the biggest business man of the place. Give me the power of the United States press and I will govern our country.

But to return again to my subject. I applied at the office of the match works and after introducing myself, told the man who received me that I represented the NEWS-HERALD, one of the leading Southern Ohio papers, and proposed to write a few lines about Akron and her business interests and asked him, for a few points concerning the match works.

"O yes sir," said he, "you are one of our ever-welcome newspaper men; come in, have a seat. We are always glad to see you and I assure you we will do all we can for you."

There was a decided change in his manner after the announcement of my business. He met me at the door with a cold, what-kind-of-a-book-are-you-selling expression but when he found there was a chance to get a free "ad" this expression vanished like the mist before the morning sun. After gathering what statistics I wanted I was shown through the whole establishment, from garret to cellar, floor and aft. In fact my guide, the boss of the works, in his efforts to have me understand it all, became very tedious in his elaborate explanations of the minutiae and for me to enter into detail in describing the process of making matches would likewise prove tiresome. I shall only give a brief outline.

One piece of machinery does all the work from the time they are in the form of pine blocks, till they are ready for the drying house. Pine, you know, is used in making matches and the logs are sawed into pieces about 3x6 in. and varying in length. The pieces are then sawed into blocks the length of a match which is the form they enter the machine. The apparatus consists essentially of a long belt, probably 100 feet and on the outside of this are fitted cast iron buckets at intervals of about two feet, something like the elevating buckets of a threshing machine. These buckets are the same shape as the pine blocks used and are perforated in the bottom with numerous apertures just large enough to receive the end of a match. This belt moves over the pulleys two feet at a time, the distance between the buckets, then stops for an instant and then moves on another interval then stops again and so on. At one end of this belt a man puts in each bucket as it passes him a pine block, and as the bucket passes under a huge cutting instrument it stops and at the same time this instrument comes down with tremendous power and cuts the block into matches and also presses a match into each hole in the bottom of the box, producing the ring-like appearance on the end of each match so that when the bucket leaves this first station the matches stand up in the box like rows of pins, projecting above about half the length of the match as the box is only about half the length of the match. Thus they travel along the whole length of the belt, with this shuttle-like motion, like a long line of miniature soldiers, till they reach the other pulley and start back with their heads hanging down. They don't go far, however, till they drag through an oily solution that saturates the wood and renders it highly inflammable. Next the tips drag through the preparation that gives the match the power of lighting upon friction, which forms the head. From here until it nears the starting point of its journey it passes through a series of fans which partially dries the final finishing touch, which consists of a kind of dip—more used for a protective coating and a gloss than anything else. After passing through this, the buckets, which are adjustable, are taken off and empty ones put on ready to receive the pine blocks again and travel the same road as the ones just removed. The buckets containing the new matches are emptied on shelves in the dry house where they remain till ready for the packing house. Each pine block makes an ordinary-sized box of matches and each machine consumes about a block a minute and there are twenty-five or thirty machines running all the time, so that from twelve to fourteen hundred boxes of matches are produced in an hour.

We next visit the box department. In this there are five or six box machines. These machines make the ordinary slide match box. The pastboard is cut in strips about six inches wide and rolled up on a large cylinder from which the machine takes it. Without the aid of a single person this machine cuts, presses, prints, folds, glues and completes the box in every particular, just as we find them in our stores. Each machine makes fourteen hundred boxes an hour and delivers them to the girls in the packing rooms below. The large wooden shipping boxes are also made by machinery. The packing rooms merely contain long tables with matches and boxes convenient and the work is principally done by girls. The ware houses always contain a large supply of matches. By actual computation the matches then in stock would, if placed end to end, gut the globe twice and then be a surplus sufficient to extend from New York to San Francisco.

The great danger in the manufacture of matches is fire and every precaution is taken to guard against it. The whole establishment is provided with every means of protection. Hose and water pipes thread the building in every direction. There isn't a foot of the buildings upon which water could not be thrown in two minutes warning. Hand grenades decorate every department. But in spite of all this precaution, not long since one wing of the main building burned to the ground.

Everything is done that can be done to add to the comfort and convenience of the workers. There is a nice room fitted up with tables and chairs, where the girls take their lunch. The workers receive kind treatment from the employers and command good wages, but for all this the match-workers position is not a desirable one. The great enemy of those engaged in making or handling matches is the effect of the chemicals upon the system. The phosphorus used is very poisonous and in spite of the preventives employed, it sooner or

later enters the system and then its effects are manifest. The favorite point of attack is in the bone of the lower jaw, producing what is known in medical parlance as necrosis of the bone, which is merely rendering the bone dead and it in time decays and crumbles away. It is to be hoped that some antidote will yet be discovered by which the makers of this indispensable article will escape the almost inevitable fate of the present match makers. Should you ever visit the city of Akron and are fortunate enough to be a newspaper man or something else that will admit you to the works it will be abundantly worth your while to see them as this meager description cannot take the place of actually seeing for yourself. It will also pay you to visit the various other extensive manufacturing plants in which Akron abounds. The Aultman, Miller Machine Works is a mammoth establishment. Mr. Aultman is also of the firm of Aultman, Taylor & Co., of Mansfield, O.

The reader will perhaps remember of seeing an account in the papers a few months ago of the burning of Shumacher's oat meal mill. At the time of its destruction it was the largest oat meal mill in the United States and was said by some to be the largest in the world. I was in a neighboring town the night it burned and the scene presented was appalling. I visited the ruins shortly after. There upon the ground, still smoking, lay thousands of bushels of grain. Towering high above the debris stood the great massive chimneys, reaching far toward the clouds. What was yesterday the scene of busy, active labor was now a vast expanse of smoldering ruins. Hundreds of hands were thrown out of employment and Shumacher, who was reputed to be worth his millions the day before, was now a man of but little means. The extensive and costly machinery lay warped and twisted in one useless mass. All was destruction in the vicinity of the oat meal mills and for days Shumacher and many others were completely demoralized; but after awhile capitalists organized a stock company and the work of removing the debris was begun.

I believe the intention now is to rebuild the mills and carry on the work as before, although it will be owned by a stock company instead of a single individual.

This will be sad on the boarding-houses of the land. What would a boarding-house be without oat meal? I pause for a reply. Should the potato crop prove a failure all boarding houses would be compelled to make an assignment. Potatoes! oat meal!! I never sat down to a boarding-house meal in my life but these two permanent fixtures bobbed up serenely. Should I ever be so unfortunate as to find one or both missing from their accustomed place I wouldn't eat a bite. No sir, it would be irreverent, it would be desecrating the absence of these time-honored guests. I would at once work on a beautiful motto with shoe thread on a piece of rawhide leather "Absent but not forgotten" and hang it over the empty dishes. It is wonderful in how many different ways potatoes may be prepared for the boarding-house table. They can be boiled with the skins on and the dirt off, and with skins off and dirt on, soft and hard and hardly soft, sliced and whole and wholly sliced, mashed and fried and squelched and Saratoged and Bostoned and other towns too numerous to mention, and in fact, a very respectable looking meal can be gotten up on potatoes. But O! its potatoes, everything is potatoes or oat meal.

Say, I am going to "let up" on this. "KNIGHT OF THE GRIP."

What is more disagreeable to a lady than to know that her hair has not only lost its color, but is full of dandruff? Yet such was the case with mine until I used Parker's Hair Balsam. My hair is now black and perfectly clean and glossy.—Mrs. E. Sweeney, Chicago. Janep

Beyond the pale—a drunkard's nose.—Texas Siftings.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Bites, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, no matter how long standing, or how bad. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. FOR SALE BY Seibert & Co. sept31

If old Roger Williams could appear again in Rhode Island he would not be allowed to vote on account of his poverty.

100 Buses One Dollar
Is inseparably connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is true of no other medicine. It is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy, while thousands testify to its superior blood-purifying and strengthening qualities. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 buses and will last a month, while others will average to last not over a week. Hence, for economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. ap

Harry Bloodgood, the famous minstrel known in private life as Carlos Murray, died at North Conway, N. H., Saturday.

An Answer Wanted.
Can any one bring a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by Seibert & Co.

James G. Blaine and Stephen B. Elkins are members of the syndicate which recently erected a new hotel at Eureka Springs, Ark. Ex-Senator Powell Clayton is the manager of the resort.

TRAMP PRINTER

Inspects Another Penitentiary.

Fish, the Millionaire Convict, and How He Prospers.

Sunday Morning Services in the Prison Chapel.

The Convict Choir—A Digress—A Journalist Convict—A Little Moralizing—Female Inmate Asylum—A Burn—That's All.

AUBURN, N. Y., June 23d, 1886.
When I wrote that Buffalo had the most irregular streets I ever saw I had not been to Syracuse. The streets of the latter place were evidently laid out so as to make as many sharp points and triangular buildings and front yards as possible.

But I have something more interesting than Syracuse of which to write. It is a visit to

THE AUBURN PENITENTIARY.
The oldest established institution of the kind in the United States, having been founded in 1816, and which contains many noted criminals.

Last Sunday was the annual "flower day," when the young ladies' Christian Temperance Union brings each convict a bouquet, to which is attached a card bearing an appropriate Scriptural verse. I was sitting in front of the Gaylord Hotel after breakfast on that day, when I observed a hand-carriage loaded with bouquets, and inquiry revealed the fact that they were for the prisoners, and that the morning services in the prison chapel would be particularly interesting on that occasion. I accordingly proceeded to the penitentiary, and was admitted in company with a goodly assemblage of residents of the city into the keepers' hall. At nine o'clock the turnkey opened the big barred door and the crowd filed through the corridor on the left to

THE PRISON CHAPEL.
When we reached the chapel the convict congregation were all in their seats. There is but little difference in the appearance of convicts in any "pen," the only differences in the motley assemblage here being, that there are fewer negroes. You find upon the faces the same trade marks of illiteracy and depravity, with, of course, occasional exceptions that cause you to wonder how they came there. Here will be an old timer with iron-gray locks and wrinkled visage; his nearest neighbor may wear a profile that proclaims its owner unmistakably an Israelite, and beyond him a "mug" as Irish as Pat Rooney. But a large percent all look like relatives, so reliable are the physiological and phenological indications of depravity and ignorance. The dress at Auburn is exclusively striped, the excellent plan of allowing other colored apparel for good behavior, as followed at Columbus, as yet not having got this far East; and the general fit of the garments, as is invariably the case in such institutions, is different from the fit of "the paper on the wall."

As a recent writer on the subject said in the New York World, the convict is supposed to fit the clothes, not the clothes the convict.

When we had entered the chapel and taken the vacant seats in the rear the services began with a hymn by the convict choir. As a musical organization it, of course, can't be compared to the late Arion Club of Hillsboro, Highland county, Ohio, but considering the disadvantages under which they must necessarily labor, they were remarkably well. They were all convicts, including the organist, violinist, and clarionetist, and their rendition of "Sweet Rest" and "Buehland" was above criticism; but when, at the conclusion of the services, the clarionet player struck up "Montrose quickstep" for the congregation to march out by, a musician present was heard to remark that he "knew what that fellow was in for, now."

Least the reader be unmusical and don't know what Montrose quickstep is like, I will add that the old 13th Regiment Band played it to death in their palmy days, and its notes are still occasionally wafted on the breezes that circulate through the second story of the Rees corner. You'll remember it when I tell you that it goes tum—ta-ta-ra-da—da-da—da.

Again I catch myself digressing. To return to the chapel. After a couple of hymns and a prayer the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Sears, delivered an interesting and impressive talk of half an hour's length, without the idle formality of taking a text, holding the congregation, both inmates and visitors, to the closest attention, and allowing a vein of humor to creep in at appropriate intervals. Particularly did he make a hit with the convicts when he made a remark about them "returning to their state-rooms." And his remarks on death and immortality were very impressive.

After the benediction we passed out through the same corridor by which we entered, and in which is situated the chaplain's office. Here

JAMES D. FISH.
The ex-nabob New York millionaire, doeth his arduous duties. Only one glance at him in his convict garb is necessary to make the thoughtful remember how fickle is fortune. As we passed by the open door I saw upon the interior the venerable ex-banker. He stood

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in the center of the room, apparently in a reverie; at all events paying no attention to the throng that was passing by. He has a closely shaven face and prominent nose, and is rather large of build, particularly in a part of his anatomy that seems to indicate that prison fare agrees with him. He wore a striped vest and pants of remarkably good fit for prison clothing (he evidently tipped the tailor), a bed-ticking shirt, and cap of the same material. His work is light, and he has served a little over a year of his ten years' sentence. Many stories are told of him and the way he takes to his imprisonment. It is said he very much dislikes being made an object of interest by visitors. Last fall a theatrical party visited the penitentiary and all were anxious to see him. As they passed the chaplain's office one saw him and said, "Oh, there is Fish."

"Yes, I am Fish," was the reply, and the speaker slammed the door with force and dispatch.

FISH'S DAUGHTER
Resides in Auburn, and I am told, in a very blooded neighborhood, but she has succeeded thus far in remaining incorruptible to the majority of the residents of the city. The old man himself is sixty-five years of age.

Money circulates among the convicts the same as in the outside world, and prisoners who are known to be well supplied with this world's goods are "bled" by their convict companions to the farthest possible extent. The monied prisoner has to drop a dime in the barber's hand to insure an easy shave, and send the tailor a half dollar if he don't want his new suit to fit him too quick; while a little change sent to the kitchen, I am told, will procure a substantial little lunch. Already Fish has spent several cents for extra comforts, and I suspect that he isn't having near the hard time people imagine. When first incarcerated he was put to work in the stove foundry, where the labor was pretty hard, but in some manner—probably on account of his advanced age—he has secured the easy position he now fills.

After services had begun Sunday morning an intelligent young man in a regular dude-fitting convict suit, entered the chapel and tipped his way to a seat in the rear of the room. He is also an inmate of the chaplain's office, but previous to his conviction of the crime of writing some solid man's name on the lower right hand corner of an I. O. U., he filled the more responsible, but less remunerative position of

EDITOR OF A COUNTRY PAPER.
If he is as bright as he looks he will pick up several points during his prison experience that he can work tastefully into editorials, novels, and so forth. The prison authorities fear that, like the old man who had been so long imprisoned for debt and was at last set free and who returned and asked to be placed again in his old familiar cell, (see lesson in the old Sixth Reader) the fortunate young journalist will return again to his present quarters and ask to be taken back, when he finds himself again free with a country editorship staring him in the face.

This morning I paid the institution another visit, and though visitors are generally refused admission now, through the kindness of the warden I was allowed to go through the different cell-rooms, kitchen, dungeon, etc. The cell dormitories are constructed very much like those at Columbus. There is a nice lawn in the courtyard, and the walks are lined on either side with tall umbrageous maples, planted years and years ago by a life-convict, who is still an inmate of the institution. Just imagine how he has passed the many long summers that have changed the little shrubs to tall strong trees; imagine how he saw them grow up, and how he watched them bud and leaf with each return of spring; and how he marked their falling leaves after they grew red and golden and brown in the air of the many returning and going autumns. Poor man! I wonder if he feels as bad about his lot as I do. Perhaps, like skinning eels, there are so many of them, they get used to it and it don't hurt them at all. But after one has seen Edwin Thorne's "Black Flag" and John A. Stevens' "Passion's Slave," and a few other dramas in which at some time or other the hero is found in prison garb, he is likely to imagine, or at least fear, that many of the inmates are angelic heroes—temporarily playing in hard luck, but sure to escape soon or be vindicated before the curtain goes down on the last act; and that they will marry the rich man's handsome daughter ere the *finis*. But I can't help feeling sorry for a convict. It is not because he has such a very hard time during his prison life, but there are a few things the mean, sneaking, infernal, selfish

HARD-HEARTED WORLD
(how cordially I hate it!) never forgets. There are some wounds that the heartless, base, selfish, inhuman world (how I like to tell it to go!) will not allow to heal, but which go like those of Prometheus as he lay chained "upon the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus" it rejoices to see "torn afresh." The stigma of having once been a convict is almost impossible to shake off. However penitent the convict may be, and however good his resolves and intentions at the time of his release, how few, even of those who profess to follow the mandates we are told are divine, are willing to offer him encouragement or aid him to lead a

new life. If it does not offer him direct insult the world lets him severely alone—and it might as well do the former, for most people (I guess it is human) are likely to be weak and care for what people think. He feels that people turn from him and spurn him, and it is not to be wondered at, that so many of them return to their bad habits and eventually to the old places behind the bars. So-called "society" is responsible for much more than it is given credit for, even by those who know it best. How I would like to be a preacher for about one Sunday! But then I suppose that is like journalism. Everybody thinks he knows more about it than the editor. So it is probably best that I ain't a preacher—I might get myself disliked, you know. The "divinity that shapes our ends" generally knew its business, and fixed things according to fitness, which explains why I am so rich and celebrated.

I have digressed again. I feared it. I will digress in my thoughtless moments. It is a habit I learned in my earlier days, and I can't break myself of it.

Adjoining the penitentiary is the Female Inmate Asylum, the rear wall of the former serving as a partition between the two. In this asylum is now confined

YVETTE DUBLEY.
The would-be slayer of O'Donovan Rossa. As to her guilt or innocence, sanity or insanity, I am not prepared to pass an opinion, but I do not for an instant hesitate in saying that whoever was responsible for her front name, deserved imprisonment for life. I can spell it just as easy as anybody, but I wouldn't attempt to pronounce it in the presence of any one I might suspect knew its correct pronunciation. Poor, unfortunate girl! Fortune has not dealt kindly with her.

IT WAS TOLD.
I just received to-day the NEWS-HERALD of June 9, in which I find that "His Nobbs, the Editor" at once corrects a mistake of mine and releases Cleveland of a terrible responsibility. I am glad. Cleveland is a nice city, and I don't like Toledo very well anyway. I trust Miss Janie Dimple Chin will forgive me that I forgot where she put her characters. It will not occur again. (I won't read her next.)

Auburn is another beautiful city of about 30,000 souls, with important manufacturing interests, and some fine residences. The residences through this section are, as a rule, much finer and more elaborate than those of Ohio. I really don't see where the poor folks live here, there are so few commonplace houses. This city evidently contains a great deal of wealth.

I dislike to quit so suddenly, but That's all.

Tramp Printer

The Graphic News of July 3d, will present a double page of the now famous Detroit Base Ball Club. The members of the coming champion team will be shown in full uniform, and the illustrations will be the most life-like and finely executed representation of a base ball nine ever published in this country. The Great Four, and all others will be shown, and every lover of the National Pastime should have picture of this great team. In addition to this treat, the paper will contain many other interesting illustrations. The title page will be occupied by a magnificent picture of Gov. Alger, of Michigan.

BURNETTSTOWN.
June 26th, 1886.
Our pike is progressing nicely at this writing. The rattle of the reaper will be heard in this section soon.

The beaming countenance of John Roads was seen in this place last Sunday.

Our new postoffice at this place will be known as Polson postoffice, W. T. Shannon postmaster.

The Sabbath School reunion at this place will come off July 18th, instead of the 15th, 3 o'clock. Schools generally invited to attend.

Joseph West while